

DOTS and DASHES

A medium to spread cheer and carry useful and interesting items of information.

Published Weekly by the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, New Jersey

Vol. 1.

Wednesday, February 20, 1918

No. 14

Famous Actresses Come to Y. M. C. A.

Mrs. Amelia Bingham, famous American actress, star of many great plays, including "The Climbers," and co-star with John Drew in "The Liars," thrilled a large audience at the Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday night. She spoke earnestly to the men about their opportunity to defend the cause of freedom and made them feel that the women of America were solidly behind them. She gave a few recitations and had to stop in order to catch a train back to New York. She said she would be willing to come back twice a month with talent of the same high-class she brought on her first visit.

Miss Louise Dressler, famous international musical comedy star, late prima donna of Winter Garden productions, and famed for her beauty and personality, gave a few numbers which went over in approved Dressler style. She, too, said she would come back. We have already asked her to come—quick!

The Zancigs, in a mind-reading act, gave a wonderful exhibition. They read names of individuals from cards, numbers on real money, and did a number of other amazing and uncanny things. They even knew how much money some of the Q. M. men had left from pay day..

Miss Jones, a very ordinary name of a very extraordinary little lady, who gave us some new thrills in whistling. She imitated various birds.

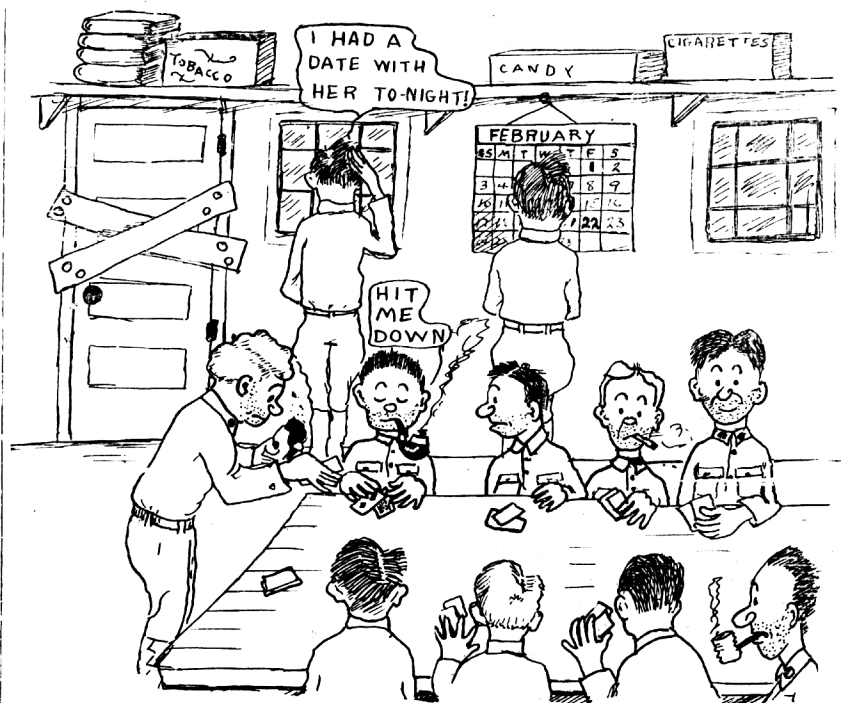
Leftwich, chief stage manager for Daniel Frohman, lean, long and active, prefers to be called a "Nut." He skipped around all over the stage, to the tune of rapid-fire original witty sayings. He was a big hit.

The show opened with songs by Miss Crawford, which went over well. She has been singing in many of the camps and there was nothing new to her about facing a lot of soldiers.

Our own Jazz Band was on hand to dispense tuneful melody. Mrs. Bingham thinks they are great and are regular players. Sure they are.

Keep on coming, fellows, we are after Sothern and Marlowe, Jim Corbett, George M. Cohan, Julia Arthur, James K. Hackett, and all the other really big guns in the show business. We'd go after P. T. Barnum if they would let us out again from the place where he may have gone. Nothing is too high or too good for this bunch at Camp Vail, and we are gunning for the best ever. Sidney Drew and Mrs. Drew will be coming along some time; but just now we can't say exactly when. We have grand opera singers booked already, and maybe we can get—well, Bert Williams, or somebody else. Keep an eye on the bulletin boards.

The line of least resistance never leads to profit.



The 55th Suddenly Quarantined

Drawn by Robeson

New Y. M. C. A. Secretary Arrives.

Lots of good things come at once, don't they? Along in the same taxicab that carried the mail to most people but us came the Zancigs and our new Religious Work Secretary, Mr. Daniel S. Smart. Pretty good fellow, is Dan. He comes from Fort Jay, Governor's Island. Before that, he hobnobbed with the men at Fort Ethan Allen, and always politely got up on his legs when an officer came in. He thinks we have a nice lot of men here, and in that Dan'l speaks wisdom. We have. Welcome to our city, Dan'l. We're strong for you.

Mr. Smart succeeds F. A. Hawley, who leaves us to take up ministerial duties at Asheville, N. C. Hawley is the fellow that used to get out the doggerel about Shinn. He wrote a long poem (?) about the other men on the Y. staff; but we don't have space this issue to print it. We will miss Hawley very much. He was willing to dig in and give a lift whenever it was needed. It is these unpretentious sort of men that do their work quietly and well that we miss most; not for things they have said or appeared to be doing, but for actual things accomplished. Good luck to you, friend Hawley, and good-by.

Camp Vail bowling team is practicing every Tuesday and Thursday nights at the Red Bank Y. M. C. A. for the coming Bowling Tournament to be held at Elkwood Recreation Alleys at Long Branch. Candidates are requested to be at the Red Bank Y. M. C. A. on the above evenings.

HOLD INDOOR MEET AND PRESENTATION OF MEDALS

The second indoor meet held at the Y. M. C. A. was a big success. It was a nip-and-tuck fight all the way through, with Waterpoles, Q. M. C., finally getting first place with three firsts and one second, a score of 17 points, which also gave him highest individual score (each first gets a copper loving cup). Second place, Wallace, 14 points; third, Wilson, 11 points; fourth, Tripp, 10 points; fifth, Davis, 7 points; sixth, Kelly, 5 points; seventh, Taylor, 3 points; eighth, Brett, 2 points; ninth, Kraibell, Van Schoick, Blaine, each one point.

Mr. Lunger, giver of individual prizes, and Rev. Conover, giver of high score medal, presented them to winners Monday, Feb. 18. Next one first Thursday in March.

Yep! They have something going on at the Y. about every night. The end is not yet in sight. Bigger things than ever are on the list. Even George M. Cohan might be induced to come down here. And Doc Cook, too. Who can tell?

Edmund B. Randolph & Co. Coming.

Edmund B. Randolph, tenor olist for the Edison Phonograph Co., will be here Saturday evening to sing. He brings with him Miss Olga Bergstrom, soprano, and two others. The show will start at seven o'clock.

For rent, 8 room house, Wolfhill Avenue, Oceanport. Taber, 15 Jackson Street, Long Branch. (adv)

THIRTY FOR SHINN.

Shinn has gone. The call came suddenly and he was allowed time to put his other shirt in his bandanna handkerchief and hustle for his new field. They needed a man of all-around Y. M. C. A. experience at Madison Barracks, Watertown, New York, so Shinn was called. His wife came here from Philadelphia to see him off.

Shinn's new duties are broader and his responsibilities are heavier than they were here. He must not alone get entertainments, lead the singing, and get out a paper; but he must see that everything gets along. We are sorry to lose him and know he will deliver the goods in his new field.

He came to Camp Vail last August, and soon established himself in the friendship of many men here; before long, everybody knew him and his spare, elongated limbs were familiar sights everywhere within miles of camp. He soon established DOTS AND DASHES which was instantly successful. Mr. Shinn was the last of the original staff of Y. M. C. A. men to leave. Mr. Williams, formerly Camp Secretary, was the first to de-



part. He is now in the Personnel Bureau of the War Work Council, New York City. Travis, who looked after religious work and other duties of a clerical nature, went to Camp Meigs, near Washington. Mr. Hawley, later Religious Work Director, recently left the staff to return to the ministry, and of the original staff of five men, only two remain to keep the boat floating.

The Editors of DOTS AND DASHES take off their hats to the Editor Emeritus, and wish he was here to take care of its as formerly.

Good luck to you, Shinn. You are missed mightily, not alone by those who fall heir to your troubles hereabouts, but everybody generally. We wish you success.

DOTS AND DASHES



Published Weekly, Wednesdays by the
Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail,
Little Silver, New Jersey.

Address all communications to Y. M.
C. A., as above.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1918

Shinn's Swan-Song.

February 13, 1918.

Dear Brethren:

Busy as a worried flea and feelin' punk. Reason: Took my second shot today, and gee! maybe he didn't shoot it in. Will you kindly convey the sad news to everybody in Camp, especially Doctor McKenzie and his ardent crew of castor-oil and shoot-'em-in-the-arm advocates of ye Hospital?

Give my very best regards to all my best friends and enemies of Camp Vail and vicinity. In case of inquiry, you may use any of the following, which I have compiled for such purpose:

Name: F. Cleveland Shinn, X. Q. D., N. C. R., B. V. D.

Address: End of the earth, generally known as Maddison Barracks, Sacketts Harbor, N. Y. (Some burg, only 41 to 46 below now and then, mostly —).

Health: Rotten, due to shot in arm; recovery uncertain. Due notice of the services will be published in all leading newspapers.

How do I like the place?: Excuse me, I'm a noble Y. M. C. A. secretary and shouldn't swear; it ain't nice. See comment as to address.

How do people like me: Quarantine of Camp, just lifted, is to be replaced at once. Nuf sed.

Size of shoes: Never discovered. One of the world's greatest mysteries.

Ambition in life: To be good looking and learn to be a plumber.

Paper is near end so will continue items of interest to the world in another publication. Publishers, Harpoon Bros. \$1.50 net.

Yours till Niagara Falls,
LOUIE MCGLOOK.
Alias F. C. Shinn.

Camp Vail Soldiers Gets a Wife.

Arthur Barnes doesn't believe any longer in this single blessedness theory. He took unto himself a wife last Saturday afternoon, who was Miss Frances Grant, daughter of Mrs. D. M. Perry, of Red Bank. Good luck to you, Art.

—o:o:o—

Rev. Thomas A. Conover, minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in their war work, and stationed at Camp Vail, will give an illustrated lecture Thursday night, this week, on the life of Christ. The lecture will be short and interesting and will begin at six forty-five.

Maybe Some of You Know Joyce of the First Field.

January 21st, 1918.

Dear Friends:

Can say that after a real nice voyage we reached our destination safely. It was, of course, a long trip, but nevertheless was real pleasant, considering the errand we came on. And, again, it was a new experience to the most of us.

I like the country here fine, as the most of us do. The climate here is very nice. I believe it is some warmer than that of Little Silver.

I am living the Christian life the best I know how. It is so sad, though, to see so many of my comrades who are not living as they should.

Our Y. M. C. A. here is quite a ways from the camp. I have not as yet visited it. I certainly miss the entertainments you gave there. There will always be a warm spot in my heart for the Y. M. C. A.

Will be glad to hear from you at any time. Wishing you all success available, I remain,

Yours in friendship,

Private W. M. JOYCE,
Co. C, 1st Field Bat., S. C.

A. E. F. via New York.

Did You Pipe the Stage Curtains?

We will lay down a bet with anybody that there is no other Y. M. C. A. building in the world that has anything better for a stage curtain than we have. Heavy, thick, green plush curtains that have that rich, aristocratic sheen to them, are now decorating our stage through the kindness of Mrs. Thomas H. McCarter. She not only is permitting us to use the curtains, but she bought beautiful dennim draperies to border the stage. We have been promised a rug for the floor, and then, when we get a drop to go with our other stage equipment, we will have all we could ask for. What with our plush curtains, our scientific stage lighting system—Schmidt patent—and our big Bingham nights, Rumson nights, and other doings, we ought to have a real Y. M. C. A. Whatta you say, boys?

—o:o:o—

We tell you this beforehand, so you will know what it means: This is French as she is taught by Father Lacassee and spoke by Lt. O'Day of said class. "On dit que le Lieutenant O'Day a de quaise cuisine. Comment va ton Piff." Editor's note: We pass. You can figure it out when you have time. You might ask the Lieutenant.

Murray, he of the Officers' Mess, was disappointed because he couldn't go home when he wanted to. Murray has found out by now that the darkest hour is sometimes just before dawn. He went home; but he hasn't told us anything about the trip. Whatsa matter, Murray?

"Mother" Parker—Mrs. John H. Parker, of New York, was down a few days ago and made us a visit. She is always welcome. She is one of those capable women who is practical, and has the knack of getting things done. It was she who suggested that we ask Amelia Bingham to come down. Maybe she phoned to her in New York and told her what a nice lot these Signal Corps fellows are. Who knows?

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LITTLE DOTS AND DASHES.

Shinn left a good many memories hereabouts. Of the intangible things there persist: "I tell yuh"; "Why,"—beginning ever sentence; "In fact"; "Doggone it!" "Gee whiz!" "The Good Od Summer Time"; "And She Lived Down in Our Alley"; "Mis-Sis-Sippi," and many others. Shinn had a way of impressing his unusual personality on his auditors. Of the tangible remains, there are: One vitrified brick, which oft was his bunk-mate; a quart bottle, usually used to carry nose-paint, but probably not so used by Shinn. We haven't found out as yet what use he had for it. Two straw hats remain. Two band-boxes, one flower basket, nine—count 'em—9—blankets! And Shinn used to complain of the cold. Oh, yes, we forgot to add that he always wore his B. V. D.'s with the brick. He had four sheets, and oodles and gobs of small miscellaneous belongings, too numerous to carry away and to note here, except the following: Little oil lamp, couple of mess kits—the kind the Y. M. C. A. War Council supply—a can of cheese, one of jelly, a box of graham crackers, 3 empty packing cases, and six yards of some green stuff to decorate with— not himself, but the room.

Father Lacasse is very much interested in the training of the pigeons in the camp. It surprises him a whole lot to learn that they were required to stand retreat. He is going down tonight, to see them. It is his understanding that the proper formation for the squad is the right wing spread and left foot off the ground. (Stick to it, Father. There are lots of strange things in this camp.)

No doubt Private Bruce E. Mason saved a lot of money during quarantine, because he was unable to buy crackers for his "Polly." Sorry, Bruce.

The other day the whole Officers' Training Battalion was almost knocked out by eating clams. Guess some German spy doped 'em. We mean the clams. Vere iss dot Chermans?

Editor's Note: The following we inherit from Co. H: Private Ollendorf, alias "Joe Beautiful," our genial Gas and Oil Clerk, would like to know if Mexico has more Revolutions than the handle of his pump. Keep away from Mexico, Joe. We know what it's like down there.

Private Schoen, formerly of Broadway and 42nd street, did not show up as a true sport, as last week he shaved off the hope of covering his upper lip. Why not try the top of your head first, Sam.

Private Bensing, otherwise known as "Cement" was flooded, the other night with mail from France. When we go over, will you give us the address, as we would like to meet some nice French Janes.

Enlistment, time, place, girl, and all, make a favorite topic of discussion for Private Cohen. He tells often about his enlistment, saying he wished to go right across and climb the Hun's hump. He wants to do guard duty; but being such an asset to the office, he can't be spared. Cheer up, old man, you may get a chance after you get over there, so be patient.

A man from "Over There" springs this on us: "Listen, Bill," says he, speaking about trench noises, "Sounds like the Fritz comin' over the mud— Squish—squash, squish—squash." But Bill replies: "That's all right—that's only the Sammies, farther up the line, a-chewin' of their gum rations."

Talk about speed kings. The 2nd, of E. 55th, sure can hit the high spots. When the signal was given and the quarantine lifted, the doors opened, they made a leap and lit running even time. They got to the Y. building in ten seconds. Nothing is left in the barracks but a few rats that have been hibernating under the floor. Quarantine would be a good thing as training for track and field meets. Smittie, physical director, please take notice.

These are from Depot Co. H: Private Stoddard, our Southern brother, is very insistent on telling the story about the four fellows that left town. Whatta ou mean, left TOWN?

Private Mattison has got us guessing now. Every Wednesday and Sunday, He Comes Up Smiling. They must be feeding you well, Matty, in Asbury. Has she a sister?

They keep Mess Sergeant Manning on the run, mostly in rings. What he wants to know most of all is: How many men are there in Co. H?

Since E 55th has been quarantined for measles, Co. H is getting worried about being kept in for Gimmes. Say, Doc, is that contagious?

Private Abel has been transferred from oil man to chauffeur and is tickled to ipeces. What did he ever do to you, Smitty?

Those in charge of booking the entertainments at the Y. would do well to go around the Q. M. barracks occasionally. The other day the Q. M. K. P. Quartet was giving a concert in the kitchen. Above the melody we could distinguish the silver-throated Murray raising his voice in beautiful song. Some artist, Murray. If Hammerstein heard you, you would have to go to the Big Town.

Gee! It certainly pays to be a peddler in Perth Amboy. The other day an Irishman named Sieverestzmann, being afoot, ran down an automobile of one of New York's richest women. All he could collect was \$2,500. Bad?

One of our Camp Vail motorcycle experts, driving about triple the "one-mile-in-five-minutes" speed limit, hit an innocent pedestrian peacefully wending his ways. He yelled as he passed, "Hey! Look out!" The party hit looked up and meekly asked, "Why, are you coming back?"

Some of the hospital attendants were willing to copper a bet that the Y. M. C. A. men would "weaken" before they had weathered vaccination and three "shots." Well, they went and done it. We mean the Y. men. We don't know what the hospital men did.

It sure is wonderful how all these professional celebrities take to Murray. Doggone it! Murray, how do you work it? Mrs. Bingham takes hold of Murray's arm as familiarly as if she had known him for fifteen years. Another thing we'd like to know: How does it happen Murray doesn't get married to some of these attractive and beautiful ladies. Old or young, they fall for Murray's smile.

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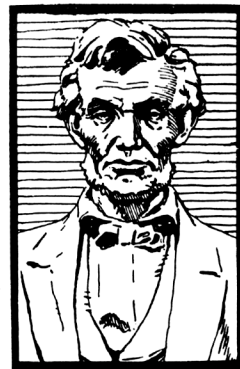
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Boxing and Wrestling Tournament.

A boxing and wrestling tournament is being planned and will be held at the Y. M. C. A. in the near future, under the direction of Schmidt. Watch the bulletins at the "Y. M." and during the meantime get in shape for it.

In this tournament will be given decisions for the lightweight, middleweight and heavyweight championships in boxing and wrestling of the camp. Gloves can be procured at the Y. M. C. A. any night. Jacobson and Olsen will be on hand every Tuesday and Friday nights to instruct the wrestling class that meets on those nights. There is still room for more. Judging from the keen interest shown in the past athletic meets, there is every reason to believe that this affair will be characteristic of all doings at Camp Vail. Remember, preparation is half the battle.



We have the ordinary American regard for your greatness, Father Abraham, and even if it is late, we are glad to print your picture in our paper and take our hats off to you.

We have no cut of Washington; but we take off our hats to him, too.

POET'S RETREAT.



The Curse of a Busted Non-Com.

A Sergeant drawing forty-two
Is what I used to be.
I went to town, licked up a few.
For a week I stayed on that spree.
I fixed that pass to suit myself
I got busted the following day.
When my company commander I see
I cannot help but say.

Chorus.

You made me what I am today,
No matter what I've been.
Since I tore the chevrons off my
blouse,

The whole darned outfit rubs it in
You never give me orderly
No matter how clean I come.
May you rest in peace
In a kitchen police.

That's the curse of a busted non-com.
—Trumpeter "Jazz" Jaslow, Co.H.

—o-o-o—

ELEVEN O'CLOCK CHECK.

The Army has so many ways to get
a man in trouble;
Kitchen Police, Signal drills and oft
fatigue that double.
Bawlings out the captain gives, but all
combined, by heck!
Can't give a man more trouble than
that darned old eleven check.

A fellow goes to Red Bank in his tail-
ored clothes,
He meets a lady on the street, he says,
he thinks he knows.
He takes her home and stays awhile,
forgets about the time,
Comes to at half-past ten or more, and
runs to the jitney line.

Every bus has left the place and he
has three miles to do
In the time it takes a fast machine to
do but one or two.
Consequently he is late; its the same
with me and you,
He meets the Non-Com coming back
from reporting to O. D.
The Old Man calls him up next day,
and asks why he was late,
Why he didn't have a pass when cal-
led at the gate.
Very little can be said for the Captain
wouldn't know
How fine a lady that girl was, or else
he'd want to go.

Either one is hard enough, so he
stands there mighty glum
While the Captain freely gives K. P.'s
—and sometimes, quite a sum.
So, I am here maintaining that of all
war alarms,
There is one thing that does a man a
mighty lot of harm.

Moral:

Its not the bawling out, a fellow gets
by heck!
But that darned old rotten system,
Eleven P. M. check.

—Frederick, E. 52nd.

ONE BROTHER'S TROUBLE.

Ah ben ergoin' 'long fo' days
Ertryin' hahd ter smile..
Er usin' sparlin' ob de wood
Toe soht o' sabe de pile.
Ah sez: "Ole Mistah Groun'hawg
gwine
Toe mek it wahm fo' sho'.
But Groun'hawg seen his shadder an
De wood

pile's

low.

Ah kin' o' hoped dat wintah wuz
Erfixin fo' ter leave.
But now Ah know de two-faced chump
Been laffin' in his sleeve.
Des what's a' gwine ter come ob me
Dis niggah sho' doan know:
De Groun'hawg seen his shadder an
De wood

pile's

low.

IF.

(With apologies to Harvard Kipling.)

If you can't keep your socks when
those about yo

Are losing theirs, and blaming you;
If you can't trust a soul and all men
doubt you;

If you can find pot toes in the stew;
If you can wait three months without
a pay day,

Or smile when told to do things you
hate;

If you can grin when you get near the
mess-shack,

Or eat the meals you get and say
they're great.

When you feel fine the gang is always
sleeping;

When you're asleep, they're always
raising Cain;

If you march fast, the bunch is always
creeping;

If you go slow, they'll never do the
same.

Suppose they start a little game of
poker,

Just try to sleep if you're not in the
game;

You may hate smoke, but they'll make
you a smoker—

You're one of them, you've got to
act the same.

If stupid non-coms try to drill you
dizzy,

Or give commands that make you
laugh and grin,

Remember, boys, the Huns will keep
us busy,

So buckle down and od your best to
win.

If you have troubles, pack them in
your own kit,

And strap them in so tight they
can't get out;

Don't growl at all, but go and do your
own bit,

And when we've won you'll get a
chance to shout.

—Private Howard A. Herty,
(Co. B, 1st Army Headquarters, Camp
Greene, Charlotte, N. C.)

—o-o-o—

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